

bridges to cross

by starseeker

Category: Higher Ground

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-21 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-21 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:14:30

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 2,834

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jacen tortured with thoughts of his sister.

1. Default Chapter Title

Higher Ground Fanfic:

>
 Once again Jacen woke up screaming and in a cold sweat. Auggie and Scott

>rose from their beds next to his and sat
at the foot of his bed.

" Who is Celeste?" Auggie wanted to know. But Jacen

>clammed up and said that she was no one, and why did he ask. "

Because
that's who's name you call out every night when you have nightmares."

>Auggie replied. Jacen shook his head , apologized to Auggie and Scott for
waking them up, and then drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

> Peter held the file in his hand. " Marie Celeste Bennett."
He replied. " Who?" Sophie asked distractedly. "His sister. His twin

>sister." Peter replied after a pause. Whos?" Sophie asked impatiently. She
had been sitting in Peter's office for twenty minutes now, and he wouldn' t

>tell her why she was there. " Jacen Bennett. He had a twin sister.

It says
her name was Marie Celeste, and that's the name he's been calling out to in

>his sleep." Peter explained patiently. "It also says that she fell to her
death of the second story balcony of their house. Maybe we need to have a

>talk with Jacen." Sophie agreed and they both set off to find Jacen.
They had been in Peter's office for forty-five minutes

>now, and still Jacen wouldn't talk. They usually wouldn't have pushed him
to talk, but the frequency of his nightmares and the anti-social nature of

>the boy were beginning to scare them. "Fine! " Peter exclaimed. " you don't
wanna talk about her, that's fine,but we can't help you unless you help us!

>The nightmares won't go away Jacen, They'll just get worse and worse until
you feel like you can't take anymore." Jacen swallowed a sob and replied

>in a small voice, " I loved her... so much. And I hurt her so badly, that
now that's she's dead I wanna die too." And with that Jacen burst into

>tears. Sophie grabbed his shoulders as sobs racked his body. When he calmed
down, he told them the story.

> " I loved her so much." he began." And when I
lost her, I thought I would die too. And I was glad. I waited to die. I

>waited for someone to put me out of my misery. But no one came. no one but
her." He ended, his voice sounding low and dangerous on the end. " Her who?

>" peter asked softly. " My mother." He replied.
 Celeste and Jacen were the best of friends,

>who also happened to be twins too. When he was feeling gloomy, she was
always there to cheer him up. She was just this ray of light. You could

>practically feel the energy radiating from her when she entered the room.
And She was beautiful too, Long golden Blonde hair that no matter how many

>times she tried to brush it, always looked unkempt and in disarray. But
that only added to her charm. The only Dark spot in this girl was their

>mother, Anna. They just didn't get along. whether it was hurling insults or
just all out fighting, these two just didn't get along. And there was

>something Jacen wasn' t telling his sister. One night, Jacen's mother came
into his room. He could tell she had been crying and he asked her what was

>wrong. She complained about her life, the people in it, everything. Jacen
went over and gave her a hug and thats when she started kissing him. He

>didn't want her to, but she wouldn't stop. He was also ashamed about the
way his body was responding to his mother's touches. And somehow, they

>ended on the bed. Afterwards, Jacen was so ashamed he couldn't even look in
the mirror. He stood in Celeste's doorway and cried because of the way he

>had betrayed her. The nightly meetings happened more than once. He always
resisted, but she somehow always managed to win. One night, Celeste woke up

>from a nightmare and walked over to her brother's bedroom. It had been
their custom to sleep in each other's beds whenever they were frightened or

>anything. That night she opened the door to find her mother and brother on
the bed together. She stared open-mouthed, not making a sound. Jacen

>spotted her and quickly threw his mother off of him. He put on his clothes
and began to speak to celeste in low, soothing tones, but all she could do

>was shake her head in disbelief. As he came closer she backed up
moving away from him. She hit the balcony and flipped over, falling to her

>death. When Jacen finished telling the story, he was chalk white, and
sobbing so hard he was incoherent. Sophie and Peter held and rocked him

>gently telling him it wsn't his fault. Over his sobbing Peter replied to
sophie " We better get child services here quick." TO BE CONTINUED

> <p><p>

2. Default Chapter Title

>
 I don't own Higher Ground or any of the characters..So
>Don't sue me cuz I'm poor!

>

> Bridges to Cross Part Two

>
 " Jacen, we have to tell someone." Peter explained,

>exasperated.
 " No one will believe me. Scott told me what
happened to him, that's
>not gonna happen to me!"
Jacen Bennett exclaimed. Sophie and
Peter had been trying to get Jacen to
>tell the truth about what happened to him. But when child services
showed
up, Jacen had clammed up, denied everything. " Why Jacen?
Why?" Peter had
>wanted to know. But Jacen hadn't said anything. However, he couldn't
deny
the fact that the dreams were still plaguing him, and getting
worse. "
>They'll only get worse, Jacen." Peter had explained. finally, Jacen
decided
to tell. When his mother showed up at the school, Jacen
visibly cringed and
>took a step back away from her. " Why would you say those things
jacen?"
She asked. " Because they're true." He replied calmly.
"Silly boy." She
>replied chastisingly. " Now I'll have to tell them everything." and
with
that she walked into the main office with peter and the
officials.
> About an hour later, his mother came out, accompanied by..
no
one. no police took her out in handcuffs, no one even walked out with

>her. " Oh my poor boy." She said softly " When you play with the big
dogs,
you tend to get eaten." And with that she walked to her car
and drove off.
>A confused and frightened Jacen ran to the office and ran in.
"What's going
on?" he asked. " Why is she going? why didn't they
stop her? " he screamed.
>" Jacen, did you tell us everything?" Peter asked him quietly. " Yes
and I
wasn't lying!" Jacen exclaimed, near sobs. " Jacen, your
mother says...
>your mother says that you were in love with your sister and that
when she
found out and tried to stop you and her, that's when you
turned on her."
>Peter explained softly. Jacen sank to the floor,his legs no
longer
supporting his weight. Peter and Sophie watched as the boy
began to gently
>rock back and forth , shaking his head in denial. " No, no..no..
that's not
how it was ! she's lying!" " She says she has Journals
of yours where
>you're describing doing things with your sister." Peter replied
softly.
"No! no that's not how it was!" Jacen exclaimed again. "
Well then tell us
>how it was, Jacen. Tell us." Sophie urged, grabbing the boy by
his
shoulders softly. " When we were little, we used to sneak in
each others'
>rooms whenever we had a bad dream." Jacen began " We did it up to
the night
she died. And most of the times we just fell asleep in

each other's arms.
 >But some nights we would stay up talking...." And they did. One night in
particular, Celeste had climbed into bed with her brother but couldn't fall
 >asleep. " Wanna talk about the dream ?" he asked. But she said no and asked
if they could just sit there. A conversation began, and they began talking
 >about school, girlfriends and boyfriends, the usual. Celeste asked him if
he thought some of the girls at school were pretty, and if he wanted to go
 >out with them. " Why?" he asked. She said she asked because he had never
gotten really involved with anyone in school and she wanted to know why. "
 >I don't have anything in common with them." he replied honestly. " They
wouldn't take care of me. Wouldn't love me. Like you do." "
 Damn
 >straight." She replied with a giggle. That's when...that's when he kissed
her. Just a gentle brushing of the lips, not really a kiss. but not a
 >brotherly peck either. She looked up at him in her position in his arms
with those Cobalt blue eyes of hers and responded by kissing him back. Not
 >gross and demanding, but a little more of a true kiss. He stared into her
eyes and she into his and they knew, just knew what they were thinking.
 >Words didn't need to be said. So they fell asleep, her in his arms, and he
providing warmth.
 > " But I swear that's all." jacen said when he had ended his story "
 "
There wasn't anything gross or sick about it, we loved each other, that's
 >all." " That kind of love...it's not healthy." Sophie replied softly. "
What do you know? you've never had anyone that was the other part of you,
 >that loved you unconditionally, all your faults your flaws, everything.
Never passed judgment, that loved you because you were you, not anything
 >else." Jacen replied, suddenly angry. " We didn't..we didn't do anything, I
swear. Just that one thing. just that one thing..."
 The room was suddenly
 >very silent. " I didn't get to say goodbye." Jacen whispered. " When she
fell, mom ran downstairs and I called the ambulance. Mom made me stay at
 >home, and when she got back she told me she was dead. I ..Didn't even get
to see her." Peter grabbed Jacen suddenly in a bear hug, distraught by
 >the bleak, hopeless face he saw on jacen. " I beleive she did what you say
she did." he whispered. " And we'll find a way out of
 >this..somehow." TO BE CONTINUED

 > Comments? Questions? E-mail
me!
 > <p><p>

3. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator">

Bridges to cross part 3

I don't own any of the Higher Ground Characters. Any you don't

recognize, however, are mine. Like Jacen and Celeste.

"Hmmâ€|" Peter frowned thoughtfully over a stack of files sitting on his desk. Sophie Becker, Peter's right-hand counselor and soon-to-be wife walked into his office. "Whatcha doin? " She asked.

"Something's not right here." Peter mumbled, more to himself than Sophie.

"What?" Sophie asked, her curiosity now peaked.

" I was doing a little research on Jacen and Celeste, and something doesn't quite add up."

" Well, what do you mean?" she asked impatiently.

"Well, by the information Jacen gave us on all that happened that day, It seemsâ€|well, okay, Jacen said he went to call the ambulance right? And that they came."

"yeah."

"Well, the Hospital that they Celeste and her mother supposedly went to doesn't have any record of having either of them there." Peter finally explained.

" You mean, no one has any record of admitting Marie Celeste Bennett? At all?" Sophie asked incredulously.

"Nope. But it's something I'm planning on looking into." Peter replied. " I'm going to their town in Massachusetts. I have a feeling that something is going on that we missed when his mother came here."

"Well, how long will you be gone?" Sophie asked worriedly.

"I don't know yet. But I have this feeling that I'm gonna find something there I hadn't planned on."

Jacen woke up with a start. It was the same dream he had been having for the past two days. There was a mist, a thick fog, and Jacen could hear his name being called softly. He looked and looked through the thick fog, but couldn't find the person belonging to the voice. Then she came. "Jacen," Celeste called. "Jacen, you have to help me. I need you to help me. Please."

"What am I supposed to do? Please 'leste, tell me," Jacen pleaded. "Don't leave me, I'll help you."

But by then the voice had faded into nothingness, waking Jacen up in his bed in Horizon in the middle of the night for the umpteenth time that month. 'what in the world did that dream mean?' Jacen pondered, and after tossing and turning with the possibilities of that dream, Jacen finally fell into a restless sleep.

Cannonville, Massachusetts

Peter Scarbrow walked down the halls of Trinity Hospital, after talking to some of the staff of the hospital. No one seemed to

remember admitting a girl named Celeste, and since he wasn't a member of the family, there was no way to get access of any records that may have given him any leads on what happened to the girl. Peter was just about to give up when a young ambulance driver heard him talking to a nurse about the young girl and approached him. " You're askin' bout a girl about sixteen years old, named Celeste?" He asked.

"Yes. Yes I am, do you know anything?" Peter asked anxiously.

" I do know that she ain't here." The man began cryptically. " See, I was there when the call came in. We got the girl, she was breathing, but her pulse was a little thready. We were all for bringin' her here, but her mother insisted we take her to Mercy Hospital, Privately owned and operated. So we took her there, and unloaded her. That's the last I ever saw of the girl. Sad thing, really, she was a looker."

"And you say her name was Celeste?" Peter asked carefully.

" Well, that's the funny part," The Driver began. " I heard her call her Celeste when we were helping her in , but when she signed some forms she signed the girl a different name."

"What was it?" Peter asked eagerly.

" Um, let me think, was it Tam-no, tara-nah um, I think it was..Tab..Tabitha! yeah, that's it!" The Man exclaimed. "Tabitha Epperson."

" Thanks a lot." Peter replied and quickly hurried for a pay phone.

" What are you saying?" Sophie asked Peter over the phone.

"I'm saying that something is seriously out of place here." Peter said. " When Mrs. Bennett gave her statement, I knew there was something shady about what she was saying. There were too many holes in her stories. And I may be right about something."

"Right about what?" Sophie asked.

" Can't tell you right now. Not until I know." Peter replied cryptically.

Peter quickly got off the phone with sophie after that and headed for Mercy Hospital.

When peter parked into the parking lot of the hospital, the first thing he noticed about the place was that it looked _guarded._ As if the people inside it had something to hide. This bothered him but he put it aside and focused on getting information.

At first no one would talk to him, but he got the definite feeling that something was being kept from him. No one would tell him about a Tabitha Epperson. They all told him that they had had no such patient in their hospital. He was just about to resort to spying when a Candy Striper signaled to him from behind biohazard bag.

" Who are you? Why do you want to know so much about this girl?"

she asked.

"Do you know her? She_ has _been here, hasn't she?" Peter asked.

"Keep your voice down!" The girl hissed. "No one will tell you anything because she's not supposed to be here."

" Wait," Peter began. " Do you mean to tell me she's still here?"

" Duh." The girl said. "What, did you think she was dead or something?"

To Be Continuedâ€¦|

End
file.